

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



COMFORT IN DUTY.

A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY.

CHAPTER XXV.

VICTOR, not Demarcay, was with the colonel when I returned. The silence following my entrance led me not unnaturally to the conclusion that my conduct was furnishing the subject for conversation, a suspicion speedily confirmed, but mingled with surprise to find that my husband was bearing the blame of it.

No. 1320.—APRIL 14, 1877.

"I suppose you will allow me to think that a word from you would have been enough to restrain Mrs. Demarcay?" was the first sentence I heard distinctly.

"Victor did say that word when it was too late, and earlier I should not have heeded it," I boldly interrupted, guessing that the colonel was referring to my having sent Jack to the rectory. This opportunity for coming at his mind free from the court-dress in which he habitually clothed it was rather agreeable than otherwise, as well as a fitting

PRICE ONE PENNY.

occasion for speaking my own, but I did not seem likely to have it.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Demarcay, for taking you away from your visitor," he began, relapsing, as if by instinct, into the old lofty measure; "I should regret the uncourteous act all the more were not the visit so strangely ill-timed;" and then, dropping his polite tones for the grating ones of suppressed displeasure, he asked, "Did it never occur to you that it was but common courtesy to consult me before inviting into my house the interference of a man whom I dislike?"

Victor, somewhat uneasy at seeing me shake my head in a *nonchalant* manner, came forward with a view of making excuses for me—which he would have done had I not waved him aside, saying, abruptly, "This concerns me and your uncle; not you. If I have offended, I share the blame with no one."

The colonel looked at me, wondering much at my hardihood, as I stood beside his chair, calm and collected, troubling myself much less about his disapprobation than how best to express my conviction that I had done well, regarding the matter from my point of view.

"Perhaps you thought that the indisposition which confined me to these rooms affected my mind and judgment also. You could not trust it," he said, with a gentleness of voice unsustained by the expression of his countenance, "otherwise you would not have reduced me to a cipher in my own house."

"Far from that, Colonel Demarcay; it was because I feared—because I was so certain of your opposition that I acted without consulting you," I exclaimed, blurring out the truth impetuously, having no motive strong enough either to repress or to soften it.

"You hear what your wife says, Victor."

The colonel spoke calmly enough, but words would fail to give the concentrated anger that lay in their tone, or describe the steely glitter of the eyes that rested on my husband. No one defied him with impunity, no one ventured to act contrary to his wishes, and he thought I had done so knowingly. The real culprit was ignored; I was far too bold and audacious to be honoured with a reprimand, but I was not unnoticed.

"You may go, madam," he said, turning to me. "Let me no longer keep you from your guest. Bear my humble apologies for having detained you."

Instead of going I lingered. The very desperation of truthfulness must have goaded me on, or a latent fear that any concealment now would only make it worse for me by-and-by, for, yielding to the desire of making a clean breast of all I had done, I said openly, but not with any intention of offending, "Mr. Kingston is now with Patrick."

As if pulled by an electric wire, the colonel shot from his seat bolt upright, a tall, stern figure, glaring down upon me, his lips closed tightly together. What would issue from them when they parted? Something I might dread to hear. I was beginning to be afraid of him. Personally, I cared little for his wrath; but what if, including Victor in its effects, as a sharp glance at him seemed to indicate was more than possible, he revenged himself, as rich men outraged sometimes do, by capriciously destroying in a moment the hopes he had long persistently encouraged? By his marriage with me Victor believed he had secured a fine inheritance for

his children. Oh bitter, bitter irony of fate, if through me he lost it all!

Whilst thus thinking, my husband's mellow voice addressed us both together in accents of conciliation. "You are misunderstanding the drift of words which Ella has not given herself time to measure. You have only to review her life since she came amongst us, to be sure that nothing was farther from her intention than to throw down the gage of defiance."

Regretful of the momentary passion displayed towards a lady, the colonel sank down into his chair whilst Victor was speaking, and before he had finished, all outward signs of it vanished also, leaving only a certain coyness or consciousness behind. Victor's defence sounded unutterably sweet, but it lacked something for which my heart listened in vain, the savour of the personal approbation which would have outweighed the highest encomiums from his uncle. Perhaps I ought to have been satisfied, but I was not, and, turning my eyes away from them both, I fixed them on the ground to hide my disappointment.

"My uncle is waiting to hear your reasons for sending for Mr. Kingston," said Victor.

I looked up without knowing that tears were on my cheek, until the colonel, with a little flourish of his hand, repeated, in his blandest tones,—

"Ah, too convincing, dangerously dear,
On woman's cheek the unresisting tear,"

adding afterwards, "Sit down, Ella, and make your confession; your judge is bribed already."

My husband put me a chair, and leant over it. Slowly and timidly I began. It was the first time I had ever talked openly to Colonel Demarcay on serious subjects. I meant only to say a little, but as no one spoke, not even when I wanted to be answered, shyness, caused by the novelty of the situation, made me take a fresh plunge after every pause. I talked on because too agitated to see where the full stop ought to be. Had my observations been combated I should not have said so much.

"Patrick sent for me two days ago to talk to him. He thinks he is dying, and is very unhappy. Whichever way he looks he sees only gloom or darkness. Was I to leave him in such misery? I could not help him much myself; both my mind and my age unfitted me for the attempt. It is one thing to be inly persuaded, another to have the power of persuading others. Yet Patrick would ask questions I did not care to answer; he would put forward doubts and objections I had no wish to deal with. Could I leave him to his wretchedness? Could I let a soul as precious as my own depart in ignorance and sorrow, without one word of hope, or endeavour to enlighten him? If, so thinking, my conduct has deserved your displeasure, I am not hypocrite enough to ask your pardon, Colonel Demarcay, knowing that I ought—nay, that I shall do the same again. It is only a small portion of my duty to God and my neighbour."

Such was the substance of my defence. What the colonel thought of it did not appear, for his face was concealed by the paper he took up before I had half finished; but when Victor took in his own the hands I had clasped together, looking down upon me with those soft eyes glistening with

something very like tears of emotion, a new and sweet sensation brought such a lump into my throat, that I might have broken down in the colonel's presence, had not Victor loosened his grasp as abruptly as he had taken it. But as our hands fell apart I submitted to my lot whatever that might be.

All anger and resentment against my husband died away for ever, leaving me peaceful, if somewhat sad. Many advantages were mine. I was no forlorn wife, crushed with a heavy burden, but capable of standing alone better than many women. I had already grown so wise as to contemplate life calmly, as an even grey level, without the exaltations of delight or the bright colourings of romance. There was so much peace in laying down all feelings of revolt and antagonism, that as the resolution cast its better spell over me, involuntarily I raised my eyes to Victor and smiled.

The colonel soon brought my thoughts down from the flight they had taken by holding a newspaper towards me, a sign that my morning task was to commence.

"Give me half-an-hour to recover myself," I pleaded; "my mind has been so strained that I could not follow the sense, and might irritate your nerves by reading badly."

"As long as you like," he answered, with positive urbanity. "You look paler than usual. I hope you are not ill; that would be a misfortune for me. I am well satisfied with you, Ella," he added, in a condescending tone, meant to show that I was restored to favour. "Believe me, I have no wish to disturb opinions that make you so excellent and interesting a companion."

Extending his hand as he spoke, I was obliged to give him mine, though secretly vexed to find no way of ruffling his intense self-complacency, and answered with mad confidence, "You could not if you would." He smiled a smile that aggravated me then, and haunted me afterwards. Ah me! how weak we are when we think ourselves most strong. I too smiled again at Victor as he opened the door for me to go away—a hypocritical smile this time, for I was longing to gain the sanctuary of my own room, to weep without knowing why. Some women must weep after great tension of feeling; it is a weakness, but does us good when only sparingly indulged. It cures many a little secret ache, and prevents it degenerating into irritation, but is not to be confounded with a kindred failing, an exaggeration of sensibility, by which the mind conceives a morbid love of the gloom that constitutes its misery. Happily, our strong emotions do not last long, nor do they desolate our hearts without our own connivance. A trifle puts in tune the notes that are only slightly jarred.

Little feet soon came to my door, and Nora's voice asked admittance. She looked pale, her eyes were heavy, and she told me that, hearing I was in my room, and Grover being busy, she had stolen away to be nursed and kissed. Gladly I took her on my knee, and, as her tiny hands fondled mine while her head rested on my shoulder, I felt that a delicious sensation of pure happiness may often accompany our duties. I would have given something to know what gave the greatest zest to life for Colonel Demarcay.

No wonder I thought of him so much; his conduct was an enigma. Either because I was necessary to him, or because he really liked me, he was more indulgent to me than any one else. I had taken a

liberty which no other would have dared do, and was forgiven. Mr. Kingston continued his visits to Patrick at my request. If he knew of them, the colonel took no notice, not till the two accidentally met one morning in the hall, when he accosted Mr. Kingston with the politeness, to quote his own phraseology, due to himself. "I was on my own ground," he explained loftily, as he mentioned the circumstance. The colonel was not so easily pacified towards Demarcay Evans. It was really true that he was going away. He announced it himself in a careless way one day at luncheon.

"But you will return? We spend our Christmas at Lornedale, and so I hope will you," said Mrs. Rogers.

"Not even if I am in the country, but I hope to be out of England," was Demarcay's reply.

An exclamation of surprise, mixed with regret, came from Mrs. Rogers. With the partial blindness peculiar to mothers, she had only seen one side of the daily life around her. Demarcay had been a pleasant companion, coming and going, fluttering about us, but ever adding to our amusement, ever welcome to Lornedale, bringing us news from town—a clever anecdote, a sparkling *bon-mot*, or something that threw a charm into his conversation. While he remained, if absent one part of the day, reading or writing, or engaged in some literary meditation, he was always present at dinner, contributing to the social claims in valuable and large proportions. He was more attentive to me than to Bertha—that would be but natural as mistress of the house—yet even making that allowance, it never occurred to me that she could construe to her own peril the laughing intercourse that went on between them from day to day.

I knew better now; the drawn, sad expression of Bertha's face, as Demarcay made known his intentions, opened my eyes. Though not liking Bertha, I was sorry for her. When the gorgeous sparkle of young life is early dimmed by a blight upon the affections, it fares worse with the woman than with the man. For him there are so many hardening realities to encounter, he has little leisure to indulge the luxury of woe; the struggle and the storm strengthen and brace his energies. For her it is otherwise; the occupations that constitute her duty and her glory do little to help her. The busy hands, attending to the claims of kith and kin, frequently leave the brain dull and the heart heavy, and so the grace of womanhood sometimes withers prematurely, and its pleasant trustfulness vanishes also. Not alone in books like "Gregory's Legacy to his Daughters" are axioms tending to guard youth from an excess of sensibility earnestly impressed by parent, friend, and guardian, and to no purpose. It would seem that the custody of the heart is very difficult.

By degrees, and from a few words gathered here and there, the truth came out and became generally known. Demarcay had been staying at Halstead to renew his addresses to Miss Everett. They had been paid during her mother's lifetime, and declined. She was alone in the world now; he not unreasonably hoped that his strong and faithful attachment might meet with its reward. Twice during his stay at Lornedale he had pleaded his cause with the sincerity of a man persuaded that he should have no stimulus in life without her, but Miss Everett was not to be won, and Demarcay, bowing at length to her decision, was going away. Nothing that Lornedale could offer

was likely to bring him back. Bertha would willingly have consoled him, but that was not to be; he had no eyes, no thoughts, no heart for any one else. I was sorry for him, but sanguine as to the future. With one of his temperament the wound would heal in time, all the quicker, I thought, for the supreme anguish of the moment. That was likely enough, but never that he should replace his highly-gifted ideal with commonplace mediocrity, so I pitied Bertha all the more for the hopelessness of her attachment.

"Let me see you again when your manhood is uppermost," said the colonel, as the hour of parting came, "and then I will listen to your proposition. He is but half a man who suffers a woman's beauty to mar his life."

"Very well," answered Demarcay; and the hot blood rose to his brow. Already he had smarted more than once under the taunts of his uncle. "I am not fascinated by Miss Everett's beauty, that alone would not hold me so fast, but by the rare combination of moral and personal loveliness," he would reply to some of his uncle's remarks.

"You will find another paragon some day," suggested the colonel; "and if not, all the better for you. A man that is his own master, untrammelled by the ties that pull him down to a lower level, is not an object for compassion."

He liked Demarcay as much as he liked any one, but was disappointed to find what he considered such a weak place in his character, and not over-pleased that he defended himself.

"He who has no other influence than what he derives from himself, having once caught a glimpse of what an incomparably better one might do for him, is very much to be pitied," said Demarcay.

"Tut, tut! you are talking like a boy; if you are so willing to bind yourself in chains, you will soon find a partner to weight them."

"I will have the best or no other."

To me Demarcay was less reserved than to any one else. He took me into the library after his adieux were made, to say a few last words. His sunny, happy look was gone, but he spoke with the calmness and decision to be expected from him.

"Whatever our creed or opinions, most of us hold something sacred; we invest our affections with reverence—except my uncle," he hurriedly added, "and I suppose he never did. An instinct I take to be a wise one, emboldens me to speak freely to you. I would give you one charge, and then go my way

and make the best of my life. I know not why I am impelled to offer help which may never be needed, which I ought to hope never will; but if ever—" Demarcay's rich voice was now harsh and hard, the struggle for self-mastery made it discordant—"if ever Miss Everett needs a friend, a man's counsel in any emergency, or his stronger arm to defend her, promise to let me know. I will not betray the source whence my information comes, nor will you that you gave it. She is a lone woman, notwithstanding her fancied strength, and may not find her path always easy. Till circumstances give her the legal protection I may not hope to offer, I shall always be ready to serve her in any way in which help may be required."

"Let me hope that you are not parted for ever," said I, and tried to comfort him by quoting the old saying, that "Ladies may change their minds."

"She will not," answered Demarcay, with decision; "and since my suit has now been rejected three times, I may well believe that the barrier between us is insuperable."

"What is it?"

The indiscreet question slipped off my lips almost without my knowledge, so that I was not surprised to see him look at me with strange, wondering eyes, and was about to beg pardon for the thoughtless inquiry, when he answered it.

"She says our principles and habits of thought are diametrically opposed, and yet—" Demarcay's face grew longer and sadder, though a soft light streamed from his eyes as he modestly added, "and yet, I believe, she is not indifferent; her eyes were streaming with tears when she begged of me, for both our sakes, never to ask her again."

"She will relent after you are gone," I said.

"I think not."

Demarcay seemed absolutely persuaded in his own mind. I should have done better to leave him to the conclusion in which he had schooled himself—namely, to acquiesce; but my judgment was silenced by my sympathy.

"Shall I summon you back at the first sign?" I cried, impulsively.

He caught my hand, and, with a smile that lighted up his countenance, replied, "If you send for me I will come, were it from the farther end of the earth; but do not deceive me with false hopes."

I gave the promise he required, and he left his cause, so far as this single chance was concerned, in my hands.

NEW HELPS FOR HOSPITALS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

II.—GENERAL HOSPITALS.

TO stimulate public interest in the helping movements connected with the Sunday and the Saturday Hospital Funds, perhaps the best way will be to give some idea of the work done by the hospitals helped.

And, first, of general hospitals.

The great endowed hospitals do not need assistance from the two funds, but a word may be said of them here. "Surely," writes Fuller, "King Edward VI was as truly charitable in granting Bridewell for the punishment of sturdy rogues, as in giving St. Thomas's Hospital for the relief of the poor."

Bridewell has vanished, like its neighbour-prison of Ludgate, from which poor prisoners used to angle

for the pence of passing Good Samaritans to buy them bread. "The rioter that consumeth all, and the vagabond that will abide in no place," no longer find a House of Correction in Blackfriars, but are passed on from the City to Holloway, whilst the endowments of the old palace hand down their grantor's name more pleasantly in King Edward's Schools for boys and girls. But St. Thomas's Hospital still ministers to the wants of "poor, impotent, and diseased people." If the prior of Bermondsey, who originally (nearly seven hundred years ago) founded the Almonry which Edward VI refounded, could see the imposing pile of building that stretches along Stangate, confronting the Houses of Parlia-

ment with a red, it is true, but by no means a blushing face, he would own that for once, at any rate, the Reformation had done some good; that it had bettered instead of frustrating his benevolent intentions.

According to a popular tradition in the Borough, Guy, who built three of the wards of the St. Thomas's, for the knocking down of which the South-Eastern Railway Company had to pay so smartly, does come back once a year from the spirit world to animate his brass statue in the forecourt of the hospital, which he lived to see roofed, although he was nearer eighty than seventy when the foundation was laid; and having thus assumed a body, he walks at midnight, with noiseless footfall and bearing a scroll of spectral parchment, through every ward and passage of his munificent foundation, to see that everything is as it should be. Science has blinded the eyes of the medical and surgical staff; they have never seen their ghostly visitor, but he is visible to patients, and smiles with especial benignancy on those in whom life is at the lowest ebb. How Guy got his money is a moot point. According to one account he made a fortune by selling Bibles at his book-shop in Lombard Street; according to another, by speculating in South Sea stock and buying seamen's tickets. However the money was gotten, the part devoted to his hospital was well-bestowed.

In one year 80,000 people, out-patients and in, are said to have been relieved at Guy's—10,000 less is St. Bartholomew's average. The prior of that ilk, a hundred years before his brother of Bermondsey, founded a hospital for the London poor; and Henry VIII, when he dissolved the monastery, gave a new lease of life to the hospice. It is curious to think of the varying scenes which—if rebuilt buildings may be supposed to preserve their identity—it, never ceasing from its kindly care, has witnessed. Hard by Wallace was executed and Walworth struck down Wat Tyler. Some thirty years ago a heap of blackened bones, genuine relics of martyrs, was dug up opposite the gate of St. Bartholomew's, near which a monumental memorial is now fixed. Bartholomew's Hospital held patients when Bartholomew Fair was literally a cloth fair, and also when it had become a vulgar saturnalia, with only James White's chimney-sweepers' feast—if, indeed, that banquet be not one of Elia's many myths—to redeem its riot from ruffianism. For many a year the lowing of oxen and the bleating of sheep, congregated from all quarters for London's mighty consumption, formed a link between the sick folk shut up in St. Bartholomew's and the outside world; and now trains laden with beef and mutton run underground to the New Meat Market on which the old hospital looks out.

It would be impossible with such space as I have at my disposal to refer to all the unnumbered general hospitals of London in a single paper. The managers of the two funds assist them impartially, but I must select some of the more important as types of their general beneficence. Defoe gives us a lively idea of the way in which East London has grown when, in his "History of the Plague," he describes his imaginary citizen, who lives "midway between Aldgate Church and Whitechapel Bars," walking "out into the fields towards Bow," and then turning away "over the fields again from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall Stairs," where he talks to a waterman, alone on the sea-wall, who points to yonder "village"

of Poplar. "London" now spreads beyond the Lea; and of *trans-* as well as *cis*-Lea, East London, the London Hospital is the great general institution. Good need has it to be the largest in the United Kingdom. Its "parish," so to speak, includes all the docks on the north side of the Thames, a wilderness of great works and smaller manufacturing establishments of the most various kinds, and some of the unhealthiest and most poverty-stricken districts in the metropolis. For its means of administering to the wants of the sick poor of this vast population it depends mainly upon voluntary contributions. In 1740, five years before the excellent Middlesex Hospital was founded, there was great distress in the East end of London, which culminated when the Thames was frozen over. Accordingly, certain benevolent persons formed themselves into a society, which founded what was called the London Infirmary, in Prescott Street, Goodman's Fields. This institution was afterwards removed to the Whitechapel Road, and became the London Hospital. The foundation-stone of the hospital was laid in 1752, and seven years later, in the eventful year in which Wolfe fell on the Heights of Abraham, the hospital received its charter, which recites that the governors, since they commenced their benevolent labour, had been able to relieve "118,700 miserable objects (most of them artificers, manufacturers, or mariners in the merchant service) labouring under malignant and painful diseases, and a variety of accidents." During its existence the hospital has relieved above two million sufferers.

The governors wisely secured at starting a margin of free space within which they might enlarge their borders, and yet leave room for "fresh air"—air, at least, as fresh as can be found in Whitechapel. The Alexandra wing and the Grocers' Company wing are the most modern and important of these extensions. Previously a college for the accommodation of the hospital's admirable School of Medicine had been built on the hospital's grounds, and it has been since enlarged. The Alexandra wing was to have been opened in State in 1866, but owing to the outbreak of cholera, the State "inauguration" had to be given up, and the building to be opened with more practical suddenness to cholera cases. 865 patients passed through the cholera wards, and more than 12,000 out-door cholera patients were prescribed for by the hospital's physicians.

Since 1866 the hospital has been greatly improved. It is now as secure from fire as the original construction of the old building will permit. It washes by steam for a number of inmates equal to that of the population of a good-sized village. It cooks by gas and steam with what seems almost magical cleanliness, thoroughness, and speed. It has a children's medical ward, ophthalmic wards, isolation rooms on the attic floor, and out-door isolation wards. It has provided new baths for its out-patients, and an enlarged waiting-hall, as big as a moderate-sized chapel. It has also attached to itself a Training Home for Sisters and Nurses. The opening of the Grocers' Company's wing by her Majesty must be fresh in the recollection of my readers. The governors of the hospital determined to raise £100,000 to build this new wing, and to increase the income of their charity. What is more, they picked the "plum" they coveted—the Grocers' Company, which was once united with the Apothecaries', contributing the munificent sum of £20,000—and can now accommodate 800 in-patients.

A Samaritan Society has been connected with the London Hospital for nearly a hundred years. It sends patients into the country for fresh air, and others to the seaside and to inland watering-places. If a patient, when discharged convalescent, wishes to recruit his strength amongst friends in his native place at a distance from London, the society sends him thither. For impecunious patients, discharged under similar circumstances, who wish to rest a little in London before they begin to work again, it provides support. It furnishes others with a little money to make a fresh start in life with. It supplies patients with linen and other clothing, spectacles, wooden legs, trusses, etc., and eases many a disabled bread-winner's mind, and thus promotes his recovery, by ministering to the necessities of those who have been left destitute through his illness or accident. The Samaritan Society may well be proud to be able to record in italics in its Report that, to the best of its officers' knowledge, "no deserving patient has been allowed to leave the hospital penniless."

The Cattle Market has removed, for the better, to Copenhagen Fields, but it has no longer a richly-endowed St. Bartholomew's to fall back upon for immediate relief in case of accident. That relief has now to be given by one of the most struggling hospitals in London, the Great Northern, which cannot afford a special building, but is obliged to make the best shift it can in the adapted dwelling-houses it occupies in the Caledonian Road. Close at hand, besides the Cattle Market, are two great railways and two metropolitan ones, and important works of many kinds.

The hospital certainly ought not to be obliged to plead piteously for funds. It does good work with those it gets. A good idea of its *clientèle* may be got by taking a walk down the York Road, which cuts through one of the dreariest districts in London, including the ironically-named Belle Isle. Dust-yards, knackers'-yards, a filthy canal with filthier wharfs, gas-works, straddling railway arches, others occupied as coal and potato-sheds, coal-sidings, a cemetery station, dead walls, rows of almost black hovels, ending in muddy chaos, are the salient features of the locality. One of the School Board's new piles of building, and the massive coat-of-arms which marks the spot where the business of the late "Jack Atcheler, Horse Slaughterer to her Majesty," is still carried on, are almost the only bits of brightness in the lower half of the road to which I have referred. The Great Northern Hospital, having such a district to attend to—peopled by poor folk, a good many of whom are employed by very rich folk—ought, I repeat, to meet with more bountiful support. It receives in-patients without letters of recommendation, and subjects the claims of those who would become its out-patients to a very sensible scrutiny. In one year its registrar made domiciliary inquiries into 1,467 cases. In 51, he found that wrong addresses had been given; in 210, he advised the applicants, who could afford to pay for advice and medicine, to avail themselves of provident dispensaries. A Ladies' Association has been formed, under the presidency of the Countess of Donoughmore, to raise funds for the Great Northern Hospital, and to assist in caring for its in-patients. The ladies composing this association collect for the hospital not money only, but also beds, bedding, books, linseed, tea, wine, and so forth. They support at the hospital domestic servants and others who cannot be conve-

niently nursed at home. They read in the wards, visit discharged patients, and are trying to float a Samaritan Fund.

Now let us slant down south-west, to University College Hospital, which, in addition to the benefits it confers upon its own neighbourhood, lays the whole kingdom under obligations through its being the seat of one of the most famous schools of medicine and surgery in the world. Such an institution ought not to have to beg daily for funds "to meet the large annual deficiency in income of nearly £6,000." Besides being a general hospital, it includes separate departments for diseases of women, of children, of the skin, of the eye, of the ear, of the throat, and of the teeth. By means of its Samaritan Funds it supplies surgical and other appliances, amongst them artificial eyes and limbs; sends convalescents to Walton-on-Thames, Margate, Eastbourne, Bognor, and Bath; provides an invalids' dinner-table, from which more than 5,000 good meals annually can be got on payment of twopence per meal; gives new milk to its children out-patients; relieves the families of patients during their stay in the hospital, and allows five shillings a week for three or four weeks, or hands a little lump sum of money, to patients unable to set to work as soon as they are discharged. The hospital has also provided a patients' library, and a carriage for the conveyance of impotent sick folk to its Bethesda. As another proof of the considerateness of its management, I may quote the following from its regulations:—"Patients of the Jewish persuasion are allowed fourpence per day in lieu of such articles of diet as may be objectionable to them."

If you ask a King's College man which is the leading medical school in London, he will answer, "Well, University College men would say that theirs was. It may be second, but of course we consider our own the first. It is not so large as some, but we plume ourselves on being the most select." Leaving their alumni to settle the moot point as to the right of precedence of the respective schools, it may be said that London has reason to be proud of both the hospitals. King's College has special departments analogous to those of University College, and Samaritan Funds, in the administration of which both colleges sensibly make use of the aid of the Charity Organisation Society; but in the matter of a sustentation fund, King's College Hospital is even worse off than that of University College, inasmuch as it has to begin the year with a consciousness that, to keep it going, it must raise £9,000 to supplement its annual subscriptions and investments before the year closes. King's College is, perhaps, the most ecclesiastical of the general hospitals in London. The lady superior and sisters of St. John's House superintend the hospital's nursing, and supply daily suitable diets to six deserving midwifery patients; and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem feed for a time a certain number of discharged patients. The sick children's ward is named after its munificent endower, Peter Pantia Ralli. The hospital admits cases of accident and urgency and out-patients without letters of recommendation, not only from the surrounding parishes, with their close-packed population of nearly half a million, but also from all parts of London, the suburbs, and the country districts that girdle our huge city. Although planted "in the very heart of the metropolis," it boasts that "no London hospital affords to its patients a greater quantity of space, air, and light," and that in none is the ventilation

more perfect. In the way of fresh air, its proximity to Lincoln's Inn Fields—whose area Inigo Jones made equal to that of the Great Pyramid—and the removal of the maze of fever-nests which the new Courts of Law have supplanted, are of advantage to the hospital; but it has still crowded slums close by it. Looking at their present squalor, one can scarcely realise their bygone grandeur, or thoroughly believe that the Queen of Bohemia once lived in Drury Lane, and that the Earls of Clare kept state hard by the market that bears their name, or that where the College of Surgeons turns its back upon the dingy street in which the hospital stands once stood the Duke's Playhouse, which figures so prominently in Pepys's lively prattle about the buried past.

As some of my readers may like to know how hospital patients are fed, I may as well give here the King's College diet table, and also that of the hospital I have next to mention:—

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.—DIET TABLE.

MEAT DIET.

Men.	Women.
Bread . . . 12 oz.	Bread . . . 8 oz.
Milk . . . $\frac{3}{4}$ pint	Milk . . . $\frac{3}{4}$ pint.
Meat . . . 4 oz. cooked	Meat . . . 4 oz. cooked
Potatoes . . . $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	Potatoes . . . $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Porter or ale . 1 pint.	Porter or ale . $\frac{1}{2}$ pint.
Rice or other pudding . . . $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	Rice or other pudding . . . $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

MILK DIET.

Bread . . . 8 oz.	Bread . . . 6 oz.
Milk . . . $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints	Milk . . . $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints
Eggs . . . 2	Eggs . . . 2
Rice or other pudding . . . $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	Rice or other pudding . . . $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

Children under ten years of age same as milk diet for women. Beef-tea (on milk diet only), wine, and spirits may be ordered by the resident medical officers.

The full quantity of milk will be supplied to the wards.

Fish or mince may be added to milk diet; such addition to be authorised by the signature of the visiting physician or surgeon, to be renewed once in each week at the least.

Roast beef, Sunday; roast mutton, Monday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday; boiled mutton, Tuesday; soup, Wednesday.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL DIET TABLE.

Bread . . .	At discretion, to be served to the nurses at the rate of ten ounces daily for each patient, and to be cut up by them. If more is required, this will be supplied by the steward.
Butter . . .	One ounce daily to each patient, to be served out three times a week.
Tea . . .	To be served weekly to the nurses at the rate of a quarter of an ounce daily for each patient.
Sugar . . .	To be served twice a week to the nurses, at the rate of one ounce daily for each patient.
Milk . . .	Quarter of a pint daily for each patient for both breakfast and tea, to be served to the nurses every morning.

EXTRA DIET.

Dinner . . .	Six ounces of cooked meat and a half-pound of potatoes. A pint of porter to men above sixteen years of age.
Supper . . .	Half-a-pint of milk, or one pint of soup if ordered.

ORDINARY DIET.

Dinner . . .	Four ounces of cooked meat for men—three ounces for women. Half-a-pound of potatoes. Half-a-pint of porter to men above sixteen years of age.
Supper . . .	Half-a-pint of milk, or one pint of soup if ordered.

FISH DIET.

Dinner . . .	Four ounces plain boiled white fish (as whiting, plaice, flounders, or haddock). Half-a-pound of potatoes.
Supper . . .	Half-a-pint of milk.

BROTH DIET.

Dinner . . .	One pint of broth and six ounces of light pudding (such as tapioca, sago, rice, corn flour, etc., etc., to be arranged by the superintendent of nurses).
Supper . . .	Half-a-pint of milk.

MILK DIET.

Dinner . . .	Four days, a pint and a half of rice milk. Three days, half-a-pound of bread or rice pudding.
Supper . . .	Half-a-pint of milk.

Beef-tea, Yorkshire pudding, arrowroot, custards, chicken, bottled beer, fruit, etc., to be specially directed.

"Light pudding" to be some light pudding, as tapioca, sago, rice, corn flour, or such other pudding as the superintendent of nurses shall arrange.

Ordinary diet for children under seven years of age to consist of two ounces of meat, four ounces of potatoes, and some light pudding.

St. George's is older even than the London Hospital, having been instituted as an infirmary in 1733. In its list of surgeons from its foundation it gives between the years 1768 and 1793 the name of "Mr. John Hunter." That famous man died in the hospital in the latter year under very painful circumstances. In the midst of a warm argument with one of his colleagues, he suddenly became silent, stepped into an adjoining room, and almost instantly became a corpse. Although situated, so to speak, in the very focus of fashion at Hyde-park Corner, and rendering most beneficent aid and solace to the poor, who vein and ring the expanse of palatial mansions in the midst of which it stands, it is obliged to sell out its funded property to make both ends meet. Preachers to fashionable congregations on its behalf might very appropriately take for their text, "My brethren, these things ought not so to be." In the ten years ending in 1765 its subscriptions amounted to £26,852; in the ten years ending in 1865 they had not doubled. The yearly average has considerably increased since then, but still by no means in proportion to the increase of wealth, and the consequent rise in prices. The following statistics would have interested Macaulay: In 1875 the hospital received only thirty-three more in-patients than it had held in 1865. Nevertheless, the cost of its service, exclusive of board, had risen 119 per cent., of its nursing, also exclusive of board, 97 per cent., of light and gas 113 per cent., of milk 161, of bread and flour 31½, of fish 75, of butter and eggs 97, grocery 35, vegetables 66, extra diets 33, washing 62, bedding and furniture 27, coals 36, fire insurance 110, instruments, etc., 34, drugs 24, and salaries and pensions 7 per cent. Meat, also, has only risen 7 per cent., a fact which at first looks astounding, but is easily accounted for. "In 1865 every nurse and servant received a shilling a day for meat, which was calculated in the accounts of meat. In 1875 every nurse and female servant was entirely boarded in the hospital." Owing to the use of gas, the cost of candles has been diminished 16 per cent.; that of beer is 12 per cent. less, and that of wine 18—wine having fallen in price from £73 a pipe in 1865, to £44 in 1875. In the latter year the hospital paid £265 as parish rates; in the former year none. Owing to the establishment of the Atkinson Morley's Convalescent Hospital in connection with St. George's, the average residence of patients at Hyde-park Corner has been considerably reduced. There is also in connection with the hospital a Cancer Institution, originally started in 1803, Mr. Wilberforce having been one of the founders.

And now let us borrow the wings of a crow and fly back still farther east than the London Hospital to the Poplar Hospital for Accidents. A better conveyance than a crow's back, however, would be a tram-car from Aldgate, which will put us down at the doors of the hospital. We shall thus get a view of the main artery of the district which the hospital chiefly benefits, and a walk back on foot, zigzagging between the East India Dock and Commercial Roads and the waterside will give a still more vivid idea of its motley population. Besides the artisans and labourers to be found in any "poor" part of London, this region, "poor," and yet "minting money," is a land of dock labourers and railway servants, barge-men, watermen, and sailors, sailmakers, ropemakers, mastmakers, shipwrights, riggers, caulkers, sawyers, engineers, brass-fitters, coppersmiths, puddlers, colliers, platers, drillers, clippers, riveters, gasworks' men, rice-mills' men, and hands employed in a variety of manufactories too great for separate specification.

It is a dingy hive of industry.

"All hands employed, the grimy work grows warm."

And very dangerous, as well as dirty, is some of the labour which the blue, brown, black, and yellow-white bees have to perform.

To relieve the sufferers from the accidents, often frightful accidents, which are daily occurring in such a neighbourhood, the Poplar Hospital was started some twenty years ago in a building opposite the main entrance of the East India Docks, and not far from the West India Docks, kindly granted by the Dock

Company. A little farther down the river spread the Victoria Docks, and south of the West India are the Millwall, whilst Limehouse Basin is still nearer to the hospital. It is, therefore, admirably situated, but it can only make up forty beds, and to do this it is obliged to utilise every inch of space. I scarcely need add that week after week it is compelled to reject most urgent cases. The hospital wants additional funds both to enlarge its borders and to increase its staff. Surely they ought to be forthcoming on a liberal scale for such an institution, ministering to the necessities of poor men who create or aid in distributing so large a proportion of our national wealth. Hampered as it is for want of means, it does admirable work. In one year it treated about 4,500 cases; 59 fingers were amputated, and 59 bites from various animals attended to (in such a locality, it must be remembered, the "various" may include a caged tiger, or a rattlesnake that has come over as a stowaway); 142 burns and scalds, 33 cases of concussion, 1,581 contusions, 43 dislocations, 122 intrusions of foreign bodies, more than 400 fractures of the skull, extremities, ribs, and other bones, 290 cases of inflammation from injury, and 1,446 wounds and lacerations, are some of the other items in the list of the year's work. It is a moving sight to see the brawny men and the mites of boys who lie side by side, equally disabled by the ever-grinding mill of East-end life, in this most excellent hospital. The work which it has done being so good, it is sad to think of the amount which, year after year, it is compelled to leave undone.

UPSALA.

THERE are not many places in the north of Europe more interesting than Upsala, in Sweden, within an easily accessible distance, both by rail and steamboat, from Stockholm. Humble and externally unattractive as it is, it combines to the Swedish mind something of the character at once of our Canterbury and Oxford. It is the chief cathedral city; it was the site—apparently the metropolitan site—of the old Northern paganism, and it has been for centuries the seat of the chief university. It has but a small population of about 12,000 inhabitants, and of these there are usually from twelve to sixteen hundred *white caps*, or students. Anciently, the name of the place was Ostra Aros (Eastern River Mouth), but when it became the shrine and seat of the chief worship of Odin, it had given to it the designation of the Uppsala, or the Upper Halls. This was at Gamle, or Old Upsala, three miles from the present city.

We visited this neighbourhood during last summer, and, naturally enough, the elder place, or Gamle Upsala, was visited last. In the dim and confused history of the old Northern paganism Old Upsala occupies some such place as our Stonehenge. The mounds represented in our engraving are the traditional graves of Odin, Thor, and Frey, the chief gods of the old Northern mythology, whose names we still recognise in our Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. For some time it was confidently believed and asserted that these were natural mounds, but recent explorations have sufficiently refuted that idea by the discovery of skeletons, on the occasion of the examination of the mounds in 1874 by the Ethno-

graphical Congress then assembled at Upsala. Old Upsala is now but a very insignificant little village, not wanting, however, in natural prettiness, as it stands amidst its farms and trees. The plain old church, ancient tradition says, is on the very site of the old temple of Odin, concerning the splendour of which almost fabulous accounts are given, especially by Adam of Bremen, who speaks of the old temple as richly decorated with gold, with magnificent statues of the gods whose names we have mentioned. On the site, or in the immediate neighbourhood of the present church, stood a large evergreen tree, which has even been singularly confused with the famous ash Yggdrasil of the Edda mythology. These accounts, however, sufficiently attest the magnificence and importance of Old Upsala. At that time the whole neighbourhood was surrounded by a sacred wood; sacrifices of every description were offered here, both of men and animals; and one account exists, also from Adam of Bremen, of seventy-two bodies having been seen at the same time suspended from the trees of the sacred wood. On a smaller hill than either of the grave mounds, but not far from the town, the chair, or throne, of the king was placed, and from hence he harangued the people; and at a distance of two or three miles are the famous Mora stones, in a spot called the King's Meadow. Here the king was elected by *Wakenbrak*, or a mighty clashing of shields, and he then mounted the homage stone to show himself to the people. Ten of these homage stones remain, and are certainly of immense age.

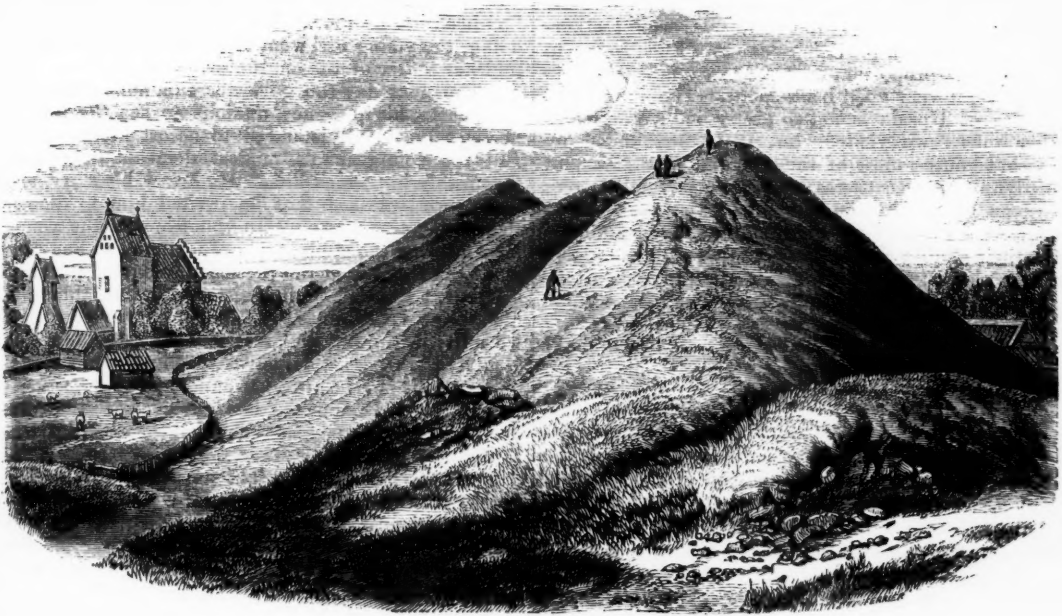
T
tion
old

walls,
tickin

standin
minds
walls v

There is little in Old Upsala now to give intimation of what it once was. As we went over the old church and walked alone around its spacious

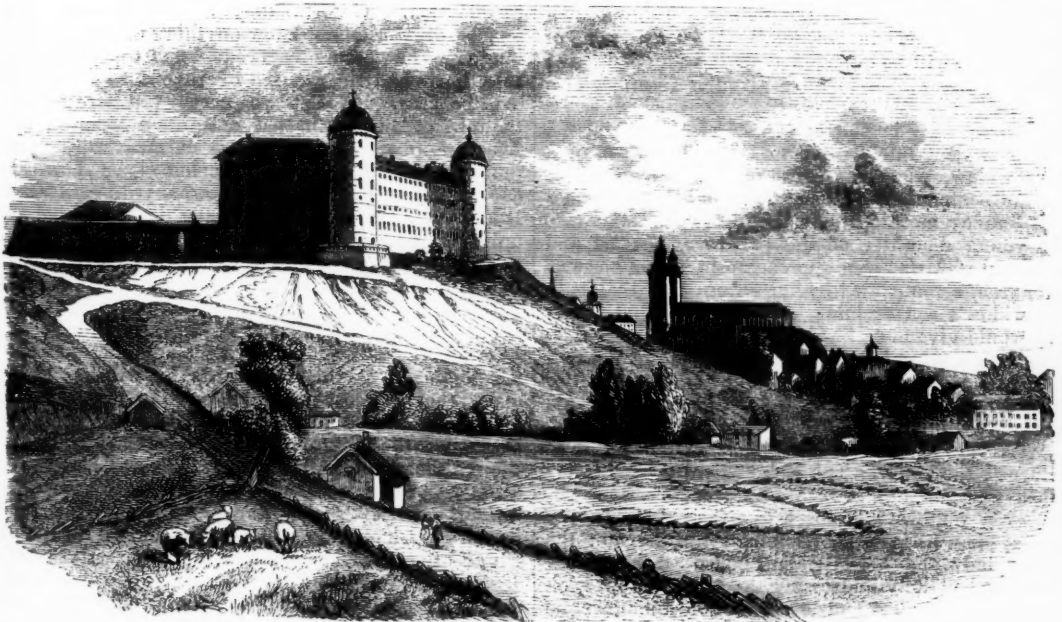
able to suppose them to belong to the old pagan temple, we were also pleasantly reminded how the ages rolled, ticking out and in, while the cruel



MOUNDS AT OLD UPSALA.

walls, audibly echoing through the stillness was the ticking of a very unadorned and simple old clock,

worsnip of Odin yielded to the mild and gentle influences of the "White King," the name by which



UNIVERSITY AND CATHEDRAL, UPSALA.

standing at the foot of the pulpit stairs; and as our minds yielded to the conjecture that the old granite walls were of so great an age that it seemed reason-

our Saviour was designated when his religion was first published among the Northern people. The seat of government was first at Sigtuna; the traveller

passes the little village now if he visits Upsala by boat; thence it was by Odin fixed at Old Upsala.

The present Upsala dates from the later, the Christian era. The little city makes but slight progress; in 1839 there were two ironmongers, four clothiers, thirteen grocers, one linendraper, seven leather-sellers, and eleven provision-dealers. Such seem to us about the proportion now, only we ought to add to this several very good book-shops. The immediate interior of Upsala is not so pretty and attractive as other towns we visited, but it is surrounded by pleasant houses, most of them, as indeed throughout Sweden, of wood; cottages nestling very sweetly among gardens, lilac bushes, and creepers. In these pleasant patriarchal little homes the hundreds of the students find their studies and residences; these students have a fine character for bright, cheerful light-heartedness; famous especially for song, every night their voices may be heard in concert at the café by the river's side, or in the cathedral square, singing old Swedish melodies. "Music," truly says Horace Marryatt, "is the charm of Upsala; and any foreign lady visiting Upsala, if she be not downright ugly, may expect a serenade beneath the windows of her hotel." These students comprise all classes. No one in Sweden can enter the clerical, medical, or legal profession without having taken his degree either at Upsala or the smaller and less famous university of Lund. It is easy to obtain this university education, for we have seen it credibly stated that the total cost of a student's expenses during his two years of study is about sixty pounds. While all the higher classes of the land, the sons of the royal family, study at Upsala, some of the students are very poor. Illustrating this, Frederica Bremer, the well-known Swedish novelist, mentioned a rather pleasant circumstance to Mary Howitt, which she gives us in her interesting "Twelve Months with Frederica Bremer in Sweden." We trust none of our readers will be offended at its introduction here; Miss Bremer seems to have given it from her own knowledge:—

"There was, in the early part of this century, a young student lately come to Upsala, the son of a poor widow, who was standing with some of his college companions in one of the public walks on a fine Sunday morning. As they were thus standing, the young daughter of the governor, a good and beautiful girl, was seen approaching them on her way to church, accompanied by her governess. Suddenly the widow's son exclaimed, 'I am sure that young girl would give me a kiss!'

"His companions laughed, and one of them, a rich young fellow, said, 'It is impossible! Thou, an utter stranger, and in a public thoroughfare. It is too absurd to think of.'

"Nevertheless, I am confident of what I say,' returned the other. The rich student offered to lay a heavy wager that, so far from succeeding, he would not even venture to propose such a thing. Taking him at his word, the poor student, the moment the young lady and her attendant had passed, followed them, and politely addressing them they stopped, on which, in a modest and straightforward manner, he said, speaking to the governor's daughter, 'It entirely rests with Fröken to make my fortune.'

"How so?" demanded she, greatly amazed.

"I am a poor student,' said he, 'the son of a widow. If Fröken would condescend to give me a kiss, I should win a large sum of money, which,

enabling me to continue my studies, would relieve my mother of a great anxiety.'

"If success depend on so small a thing,' said the innocent girl, 'I can comply;' and therewith, sweetly blushing, she gave him a kiss, just as if he had been her brother. Without a thought of wrongdoing, the young girl went to church, and afterwards told her father of the encounter.

"The next day the governor summoned the bold student to his presence, anxious to see the sort of person who had thus dared to accost his daughter. But the young man's modest demeanour at once favourably impressed him. He heard his story, and was so well pleased that he invited him to dine at the castle twice a week. In about a year the young lady married the student whose fortune she had thus made, and who is at the present day one of the most celebrated Swedish philologists. His amiable wife died a few years since." When a few weeks since we left the library, or, as it is called, the Carolina Rediviva, we passed ourselves through Odin's Lund, or grove; it is a beautiful avenue, and there, according to Miss Bremer's tradition, it was that the governor's daughter generously vouchsafed that fortunate kiss to the poor student.

Our knowledge of Upsala as a seat of learning goes back as far, according to Geijer, the great Swedish historian, as the year 1250; the present university foundation was solemnly consecrated the 21st of September, 1477, exactly one year before the foundation of the University of Copenhagen. In the troubles of the times of Gustavus Vasa, and immediately before, the university and all the interests of learning fell into disorder; the revival is due to the great Gustavus Adolphus; and from that day Upsala has sent forth distinguished and eminent scholars far too numerous for us to attempt to mention. Unfortunately for their fame, few people, even scholars, know anything of the Swedish language, but assuredly Sweden, and especially Upsala, have had their share of illustrious and noteworthy men. Whilst we paced the streets, we thought of the celebrated old Olaus Magnus, the Archbishop of Upsala, whose curious work upon the wonders of his country has long been in our library. Few people know anything of Olaf Rudbeck. He appears to have been a kind of universal genius; his life is really too curious to be passed by with a mere memory while walking along the streets of Upsala. He was born in the year 1630; Gustavus Adolphus held him, as an infant, at the baptismal font; his learning in the arts, sciences, and general knowledge of his own times was immense, but it so thickly incrusts his writings as to make them almost unreadable. He was a great historian, poet, painter, musician, and surgeon; he performed the Cesarean operation on his wife with success; he planned all the decorations for Charles XI's coronation; composed all the music, and performed himself. In 1702, when the great fire broke out in St. Eric's Chapel, in Upsala, desolating the town with its fury, the fine old man, seventy-two years of age, mounted the roof of the academy, and himself directed the hose of the fire-engine; news came to him that his own house was in flames—for forty years he had been engaged on two books, upon which he founded his hopes of this world's immortality, the *Campi Elysici*, and the fourth part of his *Atlantica*—but he would not quit his post; he saved the library of the city, but he lost his own manu-

scripts
the fla
him, b
and, w
This w
two or
the cit
them
profes
most o
A f
memor
bourne
ever st
taught
the gov
passion
for the
a flower
lap full
and fa
he wen
able d
testim
of this
from l
ment,
young
Carl, I
but be
Samue
charge
and st
and d
becam
specul
set for
study.
tion in
high i
the Sw
his ma
them
astonia
the En
but th
sners,
stupid
pabili
of the
have d
floral
study
Upsala
kept i
enrol
been a
speake
"he r
gion.
God; i
him, l
each o
the K
settle
pensi
tectio
flower
same
Amer

scripts: his house and all his property perished in the flames. The city seemed to do its best to comfort him, but the result of his work could not be replaced, and, worn out with grief, he died that same year. This was the great fire upon the occasion of which, two or three days after, Professor Uppmark recalled the citizens to patience and energy by delivering to them a quiet discourse on tranquillity of mind. The professor, like most of his fellow-citizens, had seen most of his possessions dissolve in the flames.

A far better known name soon comes to the memory in Upsala, Charles Linnæus. In this neighbourhood he was born; here he studied as none had ever studied before the ways of flowers, and here he taught, in the house which may still be visited, to the good old age of seventy-one. He inherited his passion for flowers from his mother. It is said that for the first years of his life he had no other toy than a flower, and would sit, as a child, for hours with his lap full of flowers from the forest and the garden, and fall asleep with a nosegay by his pillow. When he went to school he signalled himself as a remarkable dunce, and was dismissed with no creditable testimonials as to his attainments. In consequence of this, his mother, who had expected great things from him, and was of a tender, excitable temperament, died in a fit of apoplexy. In the days of her young wifehood, and the childhood of her young Carl, her love of flowers had been intensely ardent, but before her death she sent for her second son, Samuel, and, as he was leaving for the university, charged him to look on all flowers as prickly thorns and stinging-nettles. Charles went to Fallun, poor and desponding, practised there as a physician and became rich, but still following his pursuits and speculations amongst his beloved flowers. Then he set forth to visit foreign parts, still earnest in his one study. He was received especially with great affection in England. At last he returned to Upsala, high in fame and honour; and when he died, while the Swedes were deliberating upon the purchase of his manuscripts and his herbal, the English bid for them and secured them. Gustavus III, angry and astonished, sent off a Swedish man-of-war to arrest the English ship which was bearing the prizes away, but the Englishmen safely eluded the Swedish pursuers, and now these works of this bad scholar and stupid boy, who broke his mother's heart by his incapability, are safely lodged, so we are told, in the rooms of the Linnæan Society in Soho Square, London. They have done their work. Linnæus was the Cuvier of the floral world, and first gave system and science to the study of flowers. They are very proud of him in Upsala. We had in our hands a manuscript of his, kept in the university library there. Linnæus was ennobled by his king; he appears not only to have been an amiable but a holy man. A contemporary speaks of his deeply-reverential spirit, saying that "he never sought to speculate on mysteries of religion. In his works he always gave the glory to God; that God had willed it so was sufficient for him, he sought no further." Foreign nations rivalled each other in the honours they paid him, and even the King of Spain offered to him, if he would only settle in Madrid, the honour of nobility, a large pension, the free exercise of his religion, and protection from the Inquisition. The quiet lover of flowers preferred to remain at Upsala; but when the same king fitted out a botanic expedition to South America, orders were given to collect specimens for

the King of France, the Queen of Sweden, and Linnæus. So the slow boy rose to take his place even with kings.

We walked with hungry eyes through the magnificent library of the University of Upsala, and were proud first to notice the very large proportion of English books, both of our own and other times; and next, to notice some of the splendid editions of the ancient masters. Here also we saw a copy of the old "Icelandic Edda;" the holy book of the Druses, said to be the most complete copy in Europe; and a Bible with autographs and notations of both Luther and Melancthon; and the first book ever printed in Sweden, "Dialogus Creaturarum Moralizatus," 1487. But the chief treasure of the library, and a perfectly invaluable treasure it is, is the celebrated "Codex Argenteus," a copy of the four Gospels, as translated into the Meso-Gothic language, by Bishop Ulphilas, at the latter end of the fourth century. It is written in letters of silver—movable silver letters on parchment—in the old Gothic language. It indicates a feeling after, and amounts almost to a discovery of, the art of printing one thousand years before Guttenberg was born. This translation is interesting and valuable, as it fixed the standard of the Gothic tongue; but the history of this particular manuscript is as singular as itself. It originally belonged to an abbey in Westphalia. How such a treasure came there no record exists to tell. From thence it went to Cologne; thence to Prague, and fell into the hands of Count Konigsmark at the capture of that city. Then Vossius possessed it and took it to Amsterdam. Upon his death in 1669 it was purchased by the Swedish chancellor, De la Gardie, and he presented it to the University of Upsala. For a long time eleven leaves were missing; these have recently been recovered, thus making up the original number of one hundred and eighty-eight. We were told by the librarian that an English nobleman had offered to the university £10,000 for the manuscript; and the reply was that it would not be parted with if he laid that sum on every leaf of the manuscript. The library bears the designation of the Carolina Rediviva, and was erected by Charles XIV. It is a handsome building, in which students and residents in the town are permitted to read; and here, in a large hall above, degrees are conferred upon the students, and their university meetings and concerts are held. This building is entirely separated from, although officially a part of, the university which stands at some distance on the rising ground indicated in our engraving.

But the chief interest in Upsala gathers round the cathedral. The interior is very noble, but it seems almost incredible that its fine pillars and columns of marble are all whitewashed; indeed, it must be admitted that Upsala, like many other Swedish cathedrals or churches, has all its architectural glories eclipsed and cast into the shade by the indifference with which they are regarded. This cathedral, being the chief in Sweden, is full of interesting tombs and relics, memories and associations. No nation in Europe has a more interesting history than Sweden. Horace Marryatt says: "Nowhere are people of all classes so conversant with their country's annals. In Sweden history does not stand on her dignity, is not pared down to barren facts, but is alike simple and amusing." And the interesting stories of Swedish history, while they are scattered over the whole country, gather especially

round Upsala. Here is the tomb of the heroic Gustavus Vasa and his two queens; it is in the Gustavian chapel, behind the altar. Interesting in itself, it is decorated, with great good taste, by a series of frescoes from the pencil of Professor Sandberg, representing, in a very interesting manner, the chief events of that most romantic life. Here is the singular monument, in the chapel of King John, which, executed in Italy, and lost in the vessel which suffered shipwreck, was fished up again, and, after remaining for years forgotten in a Dantzic warehouse, was set up, crownless and sceptreless, by Gustavus III. It is an incongruous mixture, for while the chief figure is from the chisel of the great sculptor, Donatelli, as the tomb was materially damaged, it had to be completed and fitted for erection, and it bears all the marks of a ludicrously bad taste. Here are wood and marble; cherubim holding helmet and gauntlet; ladies with flowers; David with his harp; and Melchizedek with some bread and wine.

Like other nations, the Swedes also have had their lunatic kings, none more singularly mad than King Eric, the murderer of Sture and his son. Eric had imprisoned the father, the Lord Svante Sture. The ruined prison is still pointed out in Upsala in which he was confined. One May morning the king rushed into the prison, arrayed in a black dress of Spanish velvet and white toque; he fell on his knees before his prisoner, imploring his pardon, and entreating Sture to give him his daughter in marriage. "All that I have is yours," said Sture. The whole story reads like the chronicle of a lunatic asylum. One of the king's ill-advisers came in at this moment, and whispered to him some words which instantly rekindled all his passions against his prisoners. The king rushed into the prison of Nils Sture, one of the sons; he was lying in his bed, reading his prayer-book. The king called him a traitor. "I am no traitor," said Nils; at which the king ran his dagger through the arm of the young man. He drew it from his arm, kissed the handle, and returned it to the king, saying, "Good, my lord, spare me; I have not deserved your anger." The mad king mocked him, and a guard pierced the prisoner and struck him to the ground. "Gracious king, spare my young life," said Nils. The king stamped in fury, and the young man was soon murdered, pierced with seven wounds. Frantic, the king rushed to the prison of the father, begging his pardon for the deed. "If," said the old man, "you have shed my son's blood, you must answer for it before God." "Ah, you'll not forgive me," said the king; "then share his fate." And he fled to the woods, followed by his old tutor Dionysius. The mad king lay in the woods for some time. He had disguised himself as a peasant. At last he was discovered by Karen, a girl to whom he had been attached. Unseen, she watched him, sung a song which she knew he loved, and when he was quiet and softened, she went up to him, took him by the hand, and led him like a child back to the old city. Such is the old history which comes back to the memory under the ruined gateway of the old prison where the tragedy took place. But what a singular taste it seems that the bloodstained clothes of Nils Sture are still preserved in the sacristy of the cathedral; there we saw them. To the hat is fastened the glove of the lady to whom the young man was betrothed; a parchment also is preserved,

signed by the nobles, bishops, and priests, giving an account of the murder; and the dagger with which it was committed is still to be seen. Old Svante Sture and his sons repose in Upsala Cathedral. The mad king himself composed an epitaph to the memory of one of the sons of the man whom he had so injured.

Upsala Cathedral and sacristy is full of memories. One of the best known names of the Northern monarchs is that of Queen Margaret; she has been called the Semiramis of the North, but her character rather resembles that of our Elizabeth. When she proclaimed war against Albert, King of Sweden, that rash and ill-advised prince sent her, with many contemptuous messages, a pair of whetstones, advising her to sharpen her needles upon them. The enraged lady did not sharpen her needles upon them, but of all odd banners, she took off her own chemise, raised it as a flag, marched against the king, routed his army, and took him prisoner. When she received him she set a fool's cap on his head. A young lady who was with us in the sacristy, when we pointed out the two large whetstones, said, somewhat spitefully, "I'll be bound to say he thought of them when he was on his knees before the queen as her prisoner." They show the odd banner, too, in the sacristy by the side of the whetstones. It seems rather singular, however, that they should be here; they were brought from Roskilde by Charles x; but, like some other memorials and relics, it does not seem particularly necessary to the honour of Sweden that they should be so conspicuously preserved. To speak it with respect, a more singularly dirty collection of old ragged clothes and oddities, of by no means venerable antiquity, we never saw gathered together than in the sacristy of Upsala. With these, memorials of St. Bridget, the crowns and sceptres and regalia of King John and his queen, an uncouth statue of the god Thor, and mitres and chasubles and crosiers, and the chain of Gustavus Adolphus, altogether make a collection which, if somewhat musty, most lovers of old curiosities would pronounce magnificent.

But as it would be impossible in the course of a few of our pages to recite all the traditions of Westminster Abbey, so the reader must believe it is equally impossible to do justice in the same space to the memories of Upsala. The great fires which have raged through the city, as, indeed, through almost every village and town of the North, have swept away many buildings it would have been a pleasure to visit, and many of the names of the great men of Upsala are quite unknown to English readers; indeed, in the history and literature of Sweden there is an unexplored mine of stirring, romantic interest. With one anecdote of a forgotten worthy we must terminate our walk in this tempting neighbourhood. George Stjernhjelm was a renowned poet of Sweden in the seventeenth century. He passed his time usually at the court of Queen Christina, but he once uttered an unforgivable joke upon her bad morals, and so lost her favour, and had to exchange his important position for one of a smaller emolument. He declined serving the queen; one of his friends advised him to ask her pardon. "You must fill the chair," he said, "she offered to you; it cannot be derogatory, because it belongs to her." "Yes, the chair belongs to her," answered Stjernhjelm, "but the body is mine, and I shall place it where I choose;" an anecdote which well illustrates the sturdy character of the Swedish mind.

"I
ducte
tion.
inform
day.
of suc
qualif
I have
very m
and b
"B
once,
every
"B
Fallow
faction
"It
said t
afterw
here a
He
with a
stretch
childr
plucke
open a
"I
this cr
with h
spring
"T
bite of
damag
Capita
"N
genera
this h
his cro
magg
'coun
great
does n
but see
his M
and p
is a w
that h
"D
corn?
"T
they c
or in
them
and in
click-l
have
heels
pickin
sown
by dev
to dev
little
driven

THE SPARROW CLUB.

CHAPTER II.

"I AGREE with Mr. Hoflesh," said the vicar, "that a Sparrow Club, properly organised and conducted, may be both a useful and agreeable institution. It was for that reason I invited you to collect information on the subject, and to meet me here to-day. I never held the honourable post of president of such a club before, and I felt that I ought to qualify myself for it practically before accepting it. I have endeavoured to do so, and have already, this very morning, been out in the fields with my gun, and have shot a few birds."

"Bravo! well done!" burst from many lips at once, and the table was rapped enthusiastically by every one present.

"Bring out the bag and count heads," cried Mr. Fallows, his face radiant, not to say red, with satisfaction.

"It would take a long time to count all the heads," said the vicar; "you can do that at your leisure afterwards, if you think it worth your while; but here are the birds."

He rang the bell and a servant entered the room with a waiter, upon which four or five birds were stretched out upon their backs, like cock-robin in the children's picture-books. The feathers had been plucked from their breasts, and their crops were cut open and the contents exposed to view.

"I was fortunate enough," said the vicar, "to kill this crow, or rather rook; he was very busy digging with his beak at the roots of the barley, which is just springing out of the ground."

"That's their way," said Mr. Chawner; "they bite off the seed from the blade and do no end of damage; so you caught him in the act, did you? Capital!"

"Not exactly so," Mr. Moore replied. "The general opinion is as you have said; but we must do this bird the justice to say that there is nothing in his crop but cockchafer grubs and worms and some maggots of the corn-fly. Pass it round the table and 'count heads' of these insects; you will find a great number of them. The truth is that the rook does not, as a rule, attack the healthy blades of corn, but sees, with that wonderfully quick sight with which his Maker has endowed him, those which are fading and perishing, and he knows by instinct that there is a worm at the root of such blades; it is the worm that he digs for, not the corn."

"Do you mean to say, then, that rooks do not eat corn?" cried Mr. Chawner.

"They do not object to a little now and then, when they can get nothing else; in winter, for instance, or in dry weather, when the ground is too hard for them to dig below it. But their natural food is grubs and insects; the wire-worm and the larvæ of the click-beetle they are particularly fond of. You must have seen them following the plough, close at the heels of the ploughman. Of course they are not picking up grain at such times, for none has then been sown; on the contrary, they are doing you a service by devouring the grubs and insects which are waiting to devour your crops. We need not grudge them a little of the ripened corn, therefore, when they are driven to it afterwards by hunger, for they have more

than earned their share of it. Some years ago an entire district in Germany was nearly deprived of its corn harvest in consequence of the rooks having been killed by order of some of the local authorities; the grubs increased to such an extent that they ate up all the crops. The same thing happened in France, before the Revolution of 1789. The Government found it necessary to offer rewards for the best method of destroying the grubs, and yet the farmers ignorantly went on shooting rooks and other insectivorous birds, as if they had been their greatest enemies. In one instance a mob of people were so enraged against one of the landowners who had a rookery in his grounds, that they went to his house in a body, dragged him forth, and hanged him on the branch of a tree, after which they shot his rooks, encouraging each other with loud exclamations of delight and triumph. Those were lawless times, and the people were of course grossly ignorant. The proper way to have delivered their fields from the grubs which ravaged them, would have been to have encouraged the rooks instead of killing them, and to have presented their owner with a vote of thanks instead of hanging him. If every rook's nest in this land were pulled to pieces to-morrow, there is no doubt that you would all wish them in their places again, and well filled too, before this time next year."

"Well, I never!" said Mr. Chawner. "Mr. Hoflesh, did you ever?"

"No, I never did," said Mr. Hoflesh; "what's coming next, I wonder!"

"We may live and learn," said Gregory. "I never did like killing the birds myself, and wouldn't do it: there's room enough in the world for them and us, and victuals enough too. If there were not, God Almighty could give it us, if he pleased."

"By killing this rook," the vicar continued, "I have done a serious injury, I fear, to my future barley crop. I wish I could restore him to life again, that he might continue his useful work of purging the land from those mischievous grubs and worms; but that is impossible. God only can give life even to the meanest of his creatures, and that is another reason why men should consider well before they presume to take it away. Now, here I have a swallow."

"Ah! they are nasty things, swallows; they do a mint of mischief to the fruit."

"This swallow, however, has no trace of fruit, or any other kind of vegetable substance in its crop; nothing but flies and gnats; and of these a very great number (count heads if you can), which, if they had been suffered to live, would have given birth to thousands of others. Indeed, if there were no swallows or other small birds to kill the gnats for us, we should soon be as badly off as the Egyptians were when God sent 'all manner of flies' upon them for their sins. Among the flies in this swallow's crop are some which appear to be of the *Tipulæ* kind—Daddy Long-legs we usually call them. These creatures deposit their eggs in great numbers under the soil, and there they are hatched and produce larvæ in the form of elongated worms, having horns, with which they cut and bruise their food; and what do

you think their food is? the fine fibres of the roots of cereals, such as wheat and barley. They also do a great deal of mischief by disturbing the soil and exposing the sprouting seed to the sun and air. We are greatly indebted to the swallows for the service they render us in destroying these flies before they can give birth to their numerous and mischievous offspring."

"Well," said Mr. Round, "I never heard any good told of a swallow before."

"And I never heard any harm of one," said the vicar; "but here is a blackbird."

"Ah, blackbirds; what can you say about them?"

"His crop is full, as you may see; and there are some traces of-fruit and berries in it; but it contains chiefly caterpillars. It is the same with nearly all the small birds; they will not refuse fruit, but they also feed largely upon insects; and if they do us some injury by their own depredations, they do us a great deal more good by destroying other enemies. Let me read you a little bit about blackbirds from a celebrated writer and naturalist, Mr. Bree:—

"In the month of August, 1832, I was struck with the rather unusually large assemblage of blackbirds which frequented my garden. Eight or ten were usually to be seen together, and one morning I counted thirteen at the same time, hopping about and chattering on the grass-plot before the house. Their visits were usually paid about eight o'clock in the morning, and continued to arrest my attention for about ten days or a fortnight. The birds directed their operations more especially to particular spots on the grass-plot, which they stocked up with their bills, till the turf, which had changed colour, and was supposed to be dying, became almost bare in patches, and was quite disfigured by the refuse roots of grass, etc., which were left littered on the surface. Indeed, such was the rough and unsightly appearance which the grass-plot presented in consequence, that hints were even thrown out that the blackbirds ought to be destroyed; for they had been repeatedly seen in the very act of disfiguring the turf, and the whole mischief was, of course, from first to last, attributed to them.

"Suspecting what might be the object of the birds' research, I turned up a piece of turf with the spade, and found it swarming with cockchafer grubs, of various sizes; and this circumstance confirmed my suspicion that it was for the purpose of feeding upon these larvæ that the blackbirds had made such havoc of the grass-plot. They performed, in short, in this case, precisely the same service, by destroying the cockchafer grub, that the rooks are so well known to do in the wheat-fields. The turf, I should add, soon regained its wonted verdure, the injured patches being scarcely to be distinguished from the rest of the grass-plot."

"Mr. Bree added that there was plenty of fruit in the gardens—gooseberries, currants, etc.—which might have been had without trouble; but the blackbirds preferred digging through the turf that they might devour the cockchafer grubs which were under it."

Most of the company appeared to be in a state of the greatest perplexity while Mr. Moore was making these remarks, and gave vent to their astonishment in frequent repetition of the question, "Did you ever?" to which the invariable answer was returned, that nobody ever did. Old Gregory's eyes twinkled, and there was a placid smile upon his face, as if he

were rather amused than astonished at the turn things were taking. He told his wife afterwards, that he was thinking all the while of Balak, king of the Moabites, when he said to Balaam, "I took thee to curse mine enemies; and, lo, thou hast blessed them altogether." He thought Mr. Fallows and some of the other farmers must have felt as Balak did on that occasion. Most of them listened in silence, however, only giving utterance to the usual exclamation now and then, and wondering what was to come next.

"I thought as this was to be a Sparrow Club," said Mr. Fallows, at length, with a stupefied look round the table.

"Hear, hear; quite right, Mr. *Vice*," said the others; "so it was."

"I was just coming to the sparrows," said the vicar; "sparrows burrow in our stacks and eat a great deal of corn, it must be confessed; and linnetts, bullfinches, chaffinches, and many other small birds, take great liberties with our sprouting crops, and eat the buds and seeds of plants and trees. But on the other hand—"

"Oh, we don't want the other hand," said Mr. Chawner. But others answered yes they did; they were all Englishmen, they hoped, and loved fair play. So silence was restored, and Mr. Moore went on.

"On the other hand, I will read you a short extract from another celebrated writer about the food of these birds.

"Sparrows feed their young thirty-six times in an hour, which, calculating at the rate of fourteen hours a day in the long days of spring and summer, gives 3,500 times per week—a number corroborated on the authority of another writer, who calculated the number of caterpillars destroyed by one pair of sparrows in a week to be about 3,400. Redstarts were observed to feed their young with little green grubs from gooseberry-trees twenty-three times in an hour, which at the same calculation amounts to 2,254 times in a week; but more grubs than one were usually imported each time: chaffinches, at the rate of thirty-five times an hour for five or six times together, when they would pause, and not return for intervals of eight or ten minutes—the food was green caterpillars; the titmouse sixteen times in an hour." (Stanley's Familiar History of Birds.)

"Just one other little bit:—

"A single pair of sparrows, during the time they are feeding their young will destroy about 4,000 caterpillars weekly. They likewise feed their young with butterflies and other winged insects, every one of which, if not destroyed in this manner, would be productive of several hundreds of caterpillars. Here is a sparrow which you may examine for yourselves; count heads if you can; but remember that the insects which this poor bird has swallowed are as nothing compared with those which it carries to its nest to feed its young. Here again is a fly-catcher. These birds may be seen watching for their prey upon the branch of a tree, and darting forth with wonderful swiftness whenever a fly passes near, catching it with a snap of its bill, and then returning to its post. A single pair of fly-catchers have been seen to feed their young no fewer than 537 times in one day with flies, which, if they had not been thus destroyed would each of them have given birth to hundreds of maggots. Thus, on a moderate computation, one pair of birds may destroy in a single

day as many flies as would produce 100,000 caterpillars.'

"Now," said the vicar, with a curious smile upon his face, "I think all this is highly satisfactory and encouraging; it shows what good and useful allies we have in these small birds; and we may think ourselves fortunate that they do us such good service, and require so little payment. I was very sorry to shoot these birds," pointing to the victims; "but they have not been killed in vain, and we must look upon them as martyrs to science. They are the last I shall ever kill, I dare say. The examination we have made of their crops must satisfy us that they are innocent of many of the crimes usually laid to their charge. With ordinary care on the part of the farmer the birds may be kept from doing any serious damage to the crops; and if they help themselves rather freely sometimes to our grain and fruit, they have a sort of right to do so, having given us such important help in the preservation of it. The labourer is worthy of his hire; and, I think, for my part, that God intended the birds to have a reasonable share of the fruits of the earth as well as ourselves. I propose, therefore, that we enroll ourselves forthwith as members of the 'DULLIFORD CLUB FOR THE PROTECTION OF SPARROWS AND OTHER SMALL BIRDS;' and I shall be happy to meet you here once a year, in this agreeable way, for mutual information and encouragement in carrying on so useful and profitable a work."

There was a pause for some seconds when the vicar had done speaking. The company seemed to be divided in their opinions, and looked at each other with surprise and consternation.

"Well, I never!" "Did you ever?" "No, I never did," broke from many lips. Then there was a cry for "Vice—vice—vice!" and after a good deal of prompting and whispering, Mr. Fallows rose to his feet, and said, "For the protection of sparrows, did you say, Mr. Moore?"

"Yes; for the protection of sparrows and other small birds."

"A Sparrow Club for the protection of sparrows! I never heard of such a thing since the hour I was born!"

Mr. Fallows looked round him as if he thought this was a conclusive argument, and presently sat down again.

"It ain't a bad idea, though," said a farmer, named Bradley, "if all that Mr. Moore tells us is correct—which I don't doubt it is—begging his pardon for the expression."

"It may be true, or it may be all a mistake," said Mr. Fallows, roughly.

"There's no mistake about these birds," Mr. Bradley answered. "Look at their crops; here's proof positive; you can't go against facts."

"Why can't I go agen facts?" said Mr. Fallows, stoutly. "If they go agen me, why shouldn't I go agen them? There's facts on my side also. The sparrows mortify my corn-stacks and eat my fruit. There's my facts!"

"You forget the grubs and caterpillars and wireworms," said Bradley.

"No, I don't; I wish I could; they won't let me. I don't want the birds as well, and it comes to this, if I had known what was going to be said and done at this meeting, I would never have come near it; and if Mr. Moore and Mr. Bradley and old Gregory there, who is not properly qualified to join a club at

all, intend to set up one for the protection of sparrows, me, and Mr. Hodfesh, and Mr. Flint, and some others will set up a proper Sparrow Club, and see which will have most members: so there now. It is a pity there should be divisions in a parish; these never used to be in old Mr. Sleeper's time, now it will be a house divided against itself; and them that causes it must take the consequences."

Mr. Moore endeavoured to restore harmony, but Mr. Fallows had stirred himself up by this time to a high degree of warmth and indignation, and marched out of the room without waiting to hear more, and three or four others followed him. A majority of the farmers sided with the vicar, and there were two or three who could not make up their minds just at present. The two publicans were neutral, Mr. Round whispering to his fellow that "two clubs would be better than one, because then it would be seen which was right and which was wrong; and besides, there would be two anniversaries of course."

"Facts!" cried Mr. Fallows, indignantly, as he walked away from the vicarage; "facts! who wants facts? A Sparrow Club is what we want, and we'll have it, too, in spite of Mr. Moore and all his facts!"

And so they departed.

Varieties.

RAOUF PASHA.—The career of this official is a singular illustration of some of the vicissitudes of Eastern life, as well as the radical defects of the Turkish Government. A few years ago Raouf was Master of the Horse, from which post he was dismissed because he reported too honestly upon the peculation which came under his observation. Appointed Governor of Crete, he was recalled just as he had begun to fall into his work. He next was named Governor of Hedjaz, in Arabia, on which office he never entered, for the gunboat sent after him caught him on the journey, and fetched him back to Constantinople to be—Minister of Marine. He was beginning to get a notion of his work when he was made—Governor of Saloniki, and he had been there only a few weeks when he was ordered to Herzegovina, where he had some success against the insurgents. Thence he was recalled and sent once again to Crete. The perfect indifference to the interests and wishes of the governed is not more conspicuous here than the mercenary motives which are at work in the highest places in Turkey. The Sultan and his dependents have a direct pecuniary interest in all these changes, a sum being paid to the Government on each movement of an official. The appointments are well known to be at the disposal of a clique of "wirepullers," or whatever is the equivalent name at the Sublime Porte. They receive the money and divide the spoil. The Pashas and other provincial rulers have to repay themselves by extortion and by oppression of the ruled.

ODESSA SAILORS' HOME.—The building itself looks pleasantly and comfortably English in its architecture, and is the only house in Odessa roofed with slates, the usual covering being sheets of iron painted an unsightly green. Such is the British Seamen's Institute at Odessa, the foundation of which is mainly due to the efforts of Major Stuart, formerly Consul-General here, and the Rev. Thomas Clark, and of which the actual president is her Majesty's Consul-General, Mr. G. E. Stanley. I need scarcely say that the institute wants money. Shipowners and merchant captains have subscribed, and will continue to do so, towards the funds; but the resident British community in Odessa is a poor one, being composed almost solely of working men employed in factories and of young fellows engaged as clerks in foreign business houses. There is a deficit of some 4,000 roubles, or about £500, in the building fund; and I hope that I am not violating any confidence when I mention that Mr. Stanley's London bankers, Messrs. Cocks and Biddulph, will kindly receive donations for the British Seamen's Institute, Odessa, and that the smallest of those donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Mrs. Stanley,

who, these many months past, has been working valiantly in the interests of the undertaking. To my mind a sailor is normally a man to be pitied. Would you like to undergo his hardships, to live upon his fare, to confront his perils, in all weathers, all the year round, the whole of your life long?—without much hope, either of gaining riches or promotion; for is there one man before the mast in a thousand who rises even to be third mate? And are we not bound still further to compassionate the tempest-tossed tar when he sets foot on shore and cannot find a fair haven, good cheer, and honest entertainment, but is plundered and poisoned by the refuse of mankind in an abominable dram-shop? And this is why I think that we cannot have too many sailors' homes and institutes the whole world over.—*Correspondent of Daily Telegraph.*

CROMWELL'S BIBLE.—An American paper lately gave an account of the old book of Scripture extracts commonly called Cromwell's Bible, because it was prepared for use in the army in the time of the Commonwealth. "In the American Bible Society's collection at the Centennial Exhibition might be seen a small pocket Bible, printed by John Field in London in 1653. It is in red ruling and bound in morocco. The edition is not remarkably rare, but this copy is of peculiar value as having once been the property of John Milton. It is called sometimes 'The Soldier's Bible.' Cromwell's Bible was, however, a very different thing. Indeed, it was only a brief tract of sixteen pages, printed ten years earlier, in 1643, under the title of 'The Souldiers' Pocket Bible,' and containing about one hundred and twenty-five selected verses of Scripture, chiefly taken from the Geneva or so-called 'Breeches' version. This book is exceedingly rare. Mr. George Livermore, of Cambridge, Mass., owned a copy of it, which was supposed to be unique until Mr. Henry Stevens, of London, discovered a duplicate among the pamphlets of the British Museum. In 1861 Mr. Livermore printed a facsimile edition of this curious volume, limited to one hundred copies, and the Tract Society reproduced it in another form for circulation in the army. The title-page describes the book as—'Containing the most (if not all) those places contained in Holy Scripture, which doe show the qualifications of his inner man, that is a fit Souldier to fight the Lord's Battels, both before the fight, in the fight, and after the fight; Which Scriptures are reduced to severall heads, and fitly applied to the Souldiers severall occasions, and so may supply the want of the whole Bible, which a Souldier cannot conveniently carry about him: And may be also usefull for any Christian to meditate upon, now in this miserable time of Warre.'"

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.—A short time ago a copy of the French edition of Mr. C. Hill's prize essay, entitled "Sunday, its Influence on Health and National Prosperity," was sent by the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, with a letter signed by Lord Shaftesbury, president, commending the subject of Sunday rest to each of the 832 French senators and deputies. Among other replies, Lord Shaftesbury received a letter from M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, a Member of the Institute, Senator, in which that distinguished Frenchman says:—"I am entirely of your opinion, and I believe that one day of rest out of seven may exercise the most happy influence on the moral and material hygiene of individuals, and on the prosperity of nations. In France the reform is making some progress, and I feel sure that the question would be almost solved at the present day if those who have taken it in hand had known how to direct their efforts better. I hope that we shall not remain deaf to reason, and that with us, as elsewhere, will be felt the immense advantage of a custom so beneficent, and so clearly imposed by the nature of man such as God has made it. I am also anxious, my lord, to thank you very cordially for your sympathy so earnest and so noble for France. We transmit to you wishes not less sincere for the happiness of England, which is in my eyes the most free, the most civilising, and the wisest of all the Powers. She offers to the world the most admirable examples that are to be found on the entire surface of the globe."

GEORGE MOORE AND THE LONDON CABMEN.—Among the records of the munificent charities of the late George Moore, of Cheapside, the following instance of kindly feeling, told by Mr. John Cockran, cab and omnibus proprietor, Paddington, is worthy of note. "Among the many kindly acts of Mr. George Moore, I feel we should be wanting in gratitude did we not name the gathering at Kensington Palace Gardens in the year 1869. I was then a Hansom-cab driver, and received a note about an inch and a-half square, stating that he would be glad to see me on a certain day. I attended, and met Grinnell, a city missionary to the cabmen. Mr. Moore at once asked,

'What can I do for the poor cabmen of London?' I suggested the adoption of the same course as his neighbour at Lancaster Gate, Sir Hope Grant, had taken—viz., give them a plain substantial meal in his own house, and have one or two friends to say a few words at its close. This was at once agreed to, the butler called, the night named, cards of invitation issued, and we went (upwards of 100). After the supper, at which I believe Colonel Henderson was present, we received some sound wholesome advice, and our kind host sat at the door giving to each a brand new shilling, a copy of one of Bunyan's works, and a 'Good night, God bless you.' Such is cabby's remembrance of good George Moore."

EMPEROR OF BRAZIL'S TRAVELS.—It has been known that Don Pedro II, the Emperor of Brazil, has prepared notes of his travels in many lands. The work will be printed in Paris, and the text will be in Portuguese; but, it is said, the Emperor has already ordered to be made translations in French, English, and German. The Emperor, it is added, has been in the habit during his travels of taking copious notes with respect to his impressions on manners, customs, and countries, and he has now put them into shape, and will issue them in a book form. It is well known that the Emperor of Brazil is a man of excellent education, a great observer, and a fast friend of literature and literary men. When in Portugal, various writers of note who visited him, and with whom he conversed familiarly, remarked the intimate knowledge he displayed of some of their works, and the apt remarks he made upon them. His book will, no doubt, be read with great interest, for certainly it is very rarely that a writer born in the purple enters the literary arena so frankly, and under such good auspices of producing a readable and notable book.—*Athenæum.*

HOW SCARLET FEVER IS SPREAD.—It is caused among the poor by inability on their part to isolate those suffering from the disease, and by their unwillingness in many cases to allow their children or relatives to be moved at once to a fever hospital. Among the better classes it is to a very great extent kept up by the alternate assembling and dispersing of large numbers of boys and girls to and from boarding-schools. Outbreaks in boarding-schools very generally occur shortly after the pupils have re-assembled, the disease being imported from some locality where it may be prevalent. An attempt is then made in the school to stamp it out by isolation and other measures; but if this be ineffectual, and fresh children continue to be attacked, the school is broken up, and a large number of boys and girls are sent to as many different localities to become fresh centres for propagating this very contagious malady. Among the poor scarlet fever can only be checked by giving greater powers to Medical Officers of Health, and by providing more hospital accommodation. The spread among the better classes may be diminished by proprietors of boarding-schools requiring a medical certificate from each pupil on his or her return to school, to the effect that the said pupil has not been exposed to the influence of any contagious or infectious disease; and, on the other hand, when an outbreak occurs, a separate house or tent should be obtained for those attacked, and the school should not under any circumstances be broken up or the pupils dispersed.—*Times.*

A CHRISTIAN MAN IN BUSINESS.—A Christian man going into the City does not tell a lie and say, "I am not going to try and make money. I shall not aim at doing business." He is going to do that, and he would be a great fool for going upon 'Change at all if he had no such object. Does he become a broker with the design of *losing* his capital? Nobody would believe him if he said so. But he goes to his office with this determination: "I am not going to rob another to enrich myself. It shall not be said of one single grain of gold that I add to my heap that I wrung it from the widow or the orphan, or that I gained it by driving a man hard who needed it more than I, or that I wrested it from one who, whether he needed it or not, had a better right to it than I." The doctrine of the worldling in Horace, "Get money, fairly if thou canst, but by all means get it," is no Christian doctrine: it is worthy of heathenism in its worst form. The man in Christ, though active, earnest, intelligent, and by no means a simpleton (if you think he is, deal with him and see), yet is so far a fool in some men's esteem that when he sweareth to his own hurt he changeth not; and when he seeth a fine opportunity, at which some would leap, he standeth back and says, "So do not I, because of the fear of the Lord." He cannot and he will not bring a curse upon himself by an unjust action, and this, it seems to me, makes him all the more truly a man, though it manifests one of the characteristics of his being a man in Christ Jesus.—*Mr. Spurgeon's Stock Exchange Address.*

A
our
throw
place
clever
dinner
No.